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# • GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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J. W. BENGOUGH, *Editor.*

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England  
States.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When the political orators were abroad in 1878, compassing the defeat of Mackenzie's stubborn revenue-tariff Government, GRIP was moved, in a spirit of mirth, to picture the N.P. as an elephant. Glowing promises were made by the keepers of this economic mastodon as to the great things it would do if admitted to the arena of office. With one sweep of its trunk, we were told, it would annihilate hard times, and as long as it ambled round the ring everybody would be happy. We followed up the course of events in regular order. We pictured the triumph of the animal, as it rose majestically in all its grandeur upon the prostrate forms of the defunct administration, and subsequently showed it elaborately decorated from head to tail with the tariff changes that were to do such great things for the country. Our readers can therefore understand the pain with which we have now to announce the demise of this political Jumbo. Yes, the N.P. is dead! Through no fault of its keeper, but simply in accordance with the nature of things, it got upon the track of the hard-times train, and was incontinently knocked-out in the collision. It is dead! The hide will be stuffed and placed in the Museum at Ottawa, and the faithful keeper, Tilley, overcome with sorrow, has retired to the seclusion that a Lieutenant-Governorship grants.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail* may be as harmless as the dove, but it lacks the cunning of the serpent. It has made a laughing-stock of itself over the matter of Mr. Blake's "resignation," having felt so sure of its ground as to go the unexampléd length of saying a few kindly words about the Opposition leader. Now that it finds its "facts" altogether at fault—that so far as is known Mr. Blake does

not intend to resign—it will be awkward to take back the friendly words, and if they are not taken back they are likely to conflict sadly with the language it will be the *Mail's* "duty" to use towards the hon. gentleman hereafter. But, of course, this does not occur to the average organist as a difficulty at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The following paragraph, from the *London Advertiser*, edited by Hon. David Mills, naturally suggests the pictorial comment on our eighth page:—"The Hon. William Macdougall, it is announced, will be the candidate for election to the House of Commons in one of the Lanarks. We dare say that Mr. Macdougall will stand a fair chance of being elected. His services are required in Parliament, and his election would be an essential service at the present time. Mr. Macdougall made a mistake when he allied himself with Sir John Macdonald. Having done so, he no doubt had very great reluctance to desert the party he had joined, but we believe Mr. Macdougall has long since felt himself out of place in his union with the Tory party, and he will be disposed to cooperate with the friends of honest administration in the future."



PORTRAIT

of the medical "student" who thought it funny to hang a nude corpse in front of a butcher's shop on Hallowe'en.

### OH, J. SULLIVAN!

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!  
Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!!  
Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god! Thou you!  
Thou Zeus with all-compelling Land!  
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou Heaven-born!  
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis! Thou  
son of a gamboller!  
Fifty-nine inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain  
knuckles hast thou, and again twice twain.  
Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.  
Thou straightestest thine arm, and systems rock and eye-  
balls change their hue.  
Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-remover! Thou  
lightsome excorinator!  
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll John!  
Thou buster!  
Oh, you! Oh, me, too! Oh, mo some more!  
Oh, thunder!!!

—Wall Whitman (per J. P. L.) in *Life's Verses*.

### OH, MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

What is the matter with Mr. Ross Winans, the Baltimore billionaire, erst of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, one of the United States of America? He seems to be the sublimated quintessence of tyrannical quasi-aristocracy, and is giving the red-shanked Highland crofters on his estate as much trouble and perse-

cutious as if he were a mail-clad baron of the dark ages among the hinds, kerns, vassals, and villeins, or whatever they called the poor folks in those times, on his demesnes. Does this upstart Baltimorean imagine himself a feudal chieftain or an A1 blue-blood of the first water, that he carries on so? The real and undoubted swells are to the manor born, and outrage at their hands can be looked upon on that account with some leniency by the men of the heather. But to be downtrodden by a commoner is more than human nature will stand.

The crofters acknowledged his kindness in a very eloquent manner the other day by mobbing and stoning him. He now offers £100 for the arrest of the perpetrators. Verdict—"Served him right!" Go to, Ross Winans! and rake up oysters in Chesapeake Bay. You are altogether too free, independent, and republican for a Highland holding. Go to!



Mr. Stuart Rogers gave excellent monologue entertainments in the new hall, Temperance Street, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week.

The second Monday Popular Concert was attended by a magnificent audience—thanks, in great measure, to the popularizing of the prices. It looks now as though the success of the series is assured. The programme was another choice feast throughout. Miss Rose Braniff was the vocalist of the occasion, and although not so perfectly satisfactory as the star of the first concert (Miss Juch), proved herself a pleasing singer, and was most heartily applauded. Herr Kegel displayed a mastery of the clarinet, both in his solo (a concerto by Labitzky) and in the numbers played with the quartette. The artists of this latter organization added to their laurels in the admirable rendering of the selections upon the programme—and it is worth noticing that these selections were made with a most judicious regard for the audience. Miss Emma Thursby is the attractive name in connection with the next concert (Nov. 16th). We hope the directors—who are doing nobly—will give us an early opportunity of hearing a first-class tenor soloist.

Mlle Rhéa is playing at the Grand this week, and, of course, crowded houses are the rule.

W. H. H., Adirondack Murray, who is now a resident of Canada, is having great success with his reading of his celebrated Adirondack story, "How John Norton, the Trapper, Kept his Christmas." It is in the same happy vein of his famous Adirondack lecture of ten years ago, which gave him his fame and name, and is meeting the same enthusiastic popular reception.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Under the Trees by the River," a pretty little poem by our own John Reade, has been daintily set to music by our distinguished Canadian composer, F. J. Hatton (Mrs. Moore), of London, Ont., and published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., Chicago. The composition is suitable for soprano or tenor voices, and will form an acceptable addition to the repertory of our popular vocalists. The *Keynote*, of New

York, edited by Frederick Archer, refers to it as "in all respects a most charming little song. Evidently the production of a musician of taste and refinement. It deserves to be widely known." Copies may be obtained at the leading music stores.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1886 is in the printer's hands, and will shortly break forth upon a delighted world. It will be similar in size and shape to the ALMANAC of last year, and will be sold for the same price—the popular and trivial ten cents. In all other respects the present work will vastly surpass its predecessor of '85. It will contain a greater number of illustrations, much better engraved, and the literary matter throughout will be decidedly superior. As usual, a double-page cartoon will be a feature of the ALMANAC—the picture in this instance being one of the most elaborate and amusing that has ever been produced by the cartoonist of GRIP. Besides Mr. Bengough's work, the ALMANAC will contain special artistic contributions by Messrs. Blachly, Kelly, Jopling, Cunningham, and Worth, and literary good things by Swiz, J. K. Lawson, S.A.C., E. W. Thomson, T. A. Haultain, T. Boylan, J. W. Bengough, and other popular writers.



THE CORNET FIEND.

BY A SUFFERER.

Tar-ra-ru, toot! Tar-ra-ru, toot!  
Great Scott! he's here again.  
I'd hoped we'd heard the last of him,  
Alas! I hoped in vain.

For, every night at eight o'clock,  
I hear the same galoot,  
On his brazen old cracked cornet,  
Sound his tar-tar-ra-ru, toot.

He's a fiend. He's a demon,  
Oh how I'd like to shoot  
That lodging-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ru, toot!

When he starts you think the sound comes from  
A maniac bassoon,  
And the dogs in all the yards around  
Get up and bay the moon.

Then he'll change to a falsetto  
With an agonizing shriek,  
And the tom cats all commence to miaul,  
The rats come out and squeak.

The neighbors groan in anguish,  
And the boys outside all hoot,  
At the boarding-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ru, toot.

Has he no consideration  
For the feelings of the people?  
Is he neither beast nor human  
Like the man in the church steeple

Immortalized by E. A. Poe?  
He's worse than wasp or hornet,  
Is this pernicious tooter,  
With his cracked discordant cornet

I'm sure he'll drive me crazy;  
For as true as I am born,  
I knock'd an old friend prostrate  
Who said, "Let's take a horn."

For the word "horn" so reminded me  
Of that peace-destroying brute,  
That lodging-house musician  
With his tar-tar-ra-ru, toot!

THE IMMIGRANT AND THE NATIVE ON NEWSPAPERS.

I.—I see you have a large number of newspapers in Canada.

N.—Oh, heaps.

I.—Which do you think will be the most proper for me to take in order to learn as much as possible about my new country?

N.—Oh, I dunno; they're all pretty much alike.

I.—Which do you take?

N.—I take the *Journal*, of course; but it all depends upon your party, you know.

I.—I can't see that, exactly, since the knowledge I want has nothing to do with party, but if all your newspapers are so much alike your *Journal* will do for me, no doubt. Will you let me look at the North-West column?

N.—What in thunder do you mean? "The boys" are home long ago; Middleton and Strange, Otter and all.

I.—No, no, you mistake; I mean the column in your paper devoted to North-West affairs.

N.—Column, man! what'd the North-West want a whole newspaper column for? What do we want to know all about North-West affairs for?

I.—Well, as part of your Confederation I thought each province would want to know how every other one was getting along, and whether all kept step as it were. Have you no direct news from any of the provinces then, or do your papers merely deal with your own affairs?

N.—Oh, well now!! Of course if there's any rumpus or ruction anywhere we generally hear about it, but as a rule—well—I don't know but we are pretty quiet about everybody else's affairs but our own. Mind our own business, kind of.

I.—That's all right; but it seems to me that if you have no regular correspondence with every province in the Dominion, you must all feel rather like strangers to each other; more like a de-federation than a confederation, you know!

N.—Oh, well, I dunno, we're all friends; but it's a fact, now you speak of it, that we don't know much about each other. 'Twould look nice, too, to see a British Columbia column, a North-West column, a Manitoba column, a Nova Scotia column, a Prince Edward Island column, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. Look more brotherly, so it would!  
S.A.C.



BOND STREET IS STILL STRUGGLING ALONG.

A certain remedy for sea-sickness has been discovered. It is probable that the steamship companies will now be mean enough to raise their prices because they will have to feed all the passengers.—*Phil. Chronicle Herald*.

NOW DREAMS THE POET.

'Tis now the dreaming poet lingereth  
Midst mellow Autumn's pomp and pageantry,  
Sad at the leaves' fall and the flowers' death,  
Enchanted with her royal blazoury.

With gorgeous hues of russet, crimson, gold,  
Made fair, he sees the stately tall trees stand;  
He hears the wild winds moan across the wild,  
Watching the sober skies with dark clouds spanned.

He muses in sequestered woodland haunts,  
A far-off look within his tender eyes,  
Till a prickly burr doth penetrate his pants  
And interrupt his soulful reveries.

—JUDSON FRANCE

FLOATING FUNNYISMS

WHICH ESCAPED THE EAGLE EYE OF THE PROOF-READER.

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.

*Montreal despatch*: Two smart-looking and intelligent lads, named La Framboise and Paquette, were caught in the garden of the Nuns on St. Catharine Street last evening, by two constables stealing apples.

EFFECTS OF THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

*Canadian Baptist*: In Prof. Wolverton's communication of last week, for amount invested \$40,300.00, read \$40,500.00; for "students find themselves two weeks behind," read ten weeks; for "vaccination," read vacation.

WHICH WOULD YOU SOONER GO FISHING?

*Toronto Mail*: Situation vacant—an elderly person—more as companion.

COVERS, HE MEANS, LIKELY.

*Apr Recorder*: The Board of Managers of the Mech. Institute are indebted to the Rev. T. H. Orme for the addition to their files of the *Christian Guardian*.

THE DOUBTFUL LOCUS IN QUO.

*Tilsonburg Observer*: Mr. Joseph Gibson, of Ingersoll, it is hardly necessary to say, made an admirable speech.

TAKE STOCKIN' THIS.

*Ottawa Free Press*: The Kingston baseball club will be entertained this evening at the "Queen" by the enterprising proprietor, Mr. J. H. Spencer. The Ottawas will also be present at the feast. "More Hose John" is an old Kingston man.

A DECEIVED LADY EDITOR GIVES HERSELF A CHARACTER.

*Brantford Telegram*: Upon information received from a supposed reliable source a paragraph was published in a recent edition of the *Telegram* reflecting on the respectability of Mrs. Crawford, of the Indian Reserve. We have since learned that Mrs. Crawford was wronged in the paragraph, being an industrious woman and a member of a church on the Reserve.

AN INTERESTING YOUNG PARENT.

*Barrie Examiner*: Miss Amelia E. Anderson, daughter of Mr. Jas. Anderson, of this town, who is only 17 years of age.

EDITORS GETTING BABIES IN DIFFERENT WAY.

*Orillia Packet*: Mr. Davis, editor of the *Mitchell Advocate*, has been married twenty-four years. During that time eleven sons have been born to him and his excellent wife; but they have been waiting, watching and praying for a daughter. Last Sunday the long-looked for little lady arrived, and it is said to be the intention of the proud and happy parents to christen her "Enough." They have certainly been pretty plucky, but they ought to read that anecdote of the Glasgow woman who declined to consider her duty done until the advent of the twenty-first, which was lately sent to the *Packet*.



THE YAWNING DEFICIT.

Tilley.—Tra-la ! Let somebody else jump into that hole. I'm not doing any Curtius business to-day !

GASTRONOMIC.

A MEMORY.

Where is the base Canuck who does not praise  
The mem'ry of the golden "punkin" pies  
His mammy'd make  
In his old home : and at the kitchen fire,  
When his ambition seldom soared much higher  
Than to watch his mother, as he stood close by her,  
Produce the bake ?

Breathes there Canuck who never to himself has said,  
"There is no baking like my mammy's bread  
Made with suet-rising.  
And in Dutch oven baked outside the door ?"  
If there be such, let someone shed his gore,  
Or wipe his stupid head upon the floor.  
For it's surprising

How recollection brings back the old days  
Before we left the straight and righteous ways,  
The old folks taught us,  
Before the "burning questions" of the State  
Perplexed and vexed our yet bewildered pate,  
And thoughts of greed and malice, envy, hate,  
Had not yet caught us.

—B.

GOING TO THE PLAY.

JESSEMINE BRIGETIMA BURKE.

Jessemine (I call her Jesse for short) is my own and only girl, and the other evening she expressed a fond desire to go to the theatre that night. "I don't see how it is, Manderville" (Manderville Morgan Murphy is my patronymic), "that you never offer to take me to the play. You know I am fond of a nice play, and sure the operas are delightful. It usn't to be so," she added, "archly, but perhaps you're getting tired of me—or hard up," she added, in rather an undertone.

"No, no, Jesse, it isn't that, by any means. Tired of you ! Why—hard up ! Why, I'm now in a position to shortly become a millionaire." (This latter statement was, perhaps, not strictly true, yet, of course, if I should have a good long run of success—say twenty years—who knows ?) "It is not that," I continued, "but the night is damp and promises to be wet. The play, too, I don't think you would care about."

"Oh, if you don't want to take me," said the fair girl, with not a slight show of asperity, "then, of course—"

"Come, Jesse," I said, in most mollifying tones, "don't, I beg of you, get into a bad humor. Of course I'll be glad to take you. I would advise you, though, to adorn yourself in too fine style ; rain won't be good for it ; besides," I added, when I saw a storm of some magnitude gathering on her marble brow, "you'll look bewitching in anything."

"Sure I'll wear me blew silk if I die for it," she replied, and gaily as a troubadour she tripped up stairs to put on her "harness."

In the meantime I procure a hack, one of the old-timers, apparently built in the early days of Toronto, and smelling as if it had been laid up in ordinary for a decade or two in a cow stable. Altogether, it had a decayed appearance.

Jessemine, in full fig, was waiting as the cab drove up. In she jumped, and in the darkness flattened her new and cherished hat over her head, to its great loss and detriment.

"What a beastly convenience this is. Where on earth did you get such an old rattle-ship, anyway. Faith ! my hat's spoiled already, and a bucket of Florida Water won't make me malodorous again," sighed poor Jessemine.

But our troubles were yet to come. We hadn't gone a hundred yards when the rain came down in torrents, percolating through the roof and blowing in through a broken pane, drenching my fair partner, who tied her handkerchief over her damaged head dress, and protected her "blew" dress as best she could. As for me, I grinned and bore it like a man, for I considered it was a just judgment on the capricious damsel who would go to the play.

Well, we arrived at the opera house, and in getting out Jessemine scraped off about a peck of mud off one of the wheels, which didn't calm her temper to any perceptible extent.

Hurrying from the cab to the entrance, one of the usual young loafers who infest the front of the theatre deposited a superannuated "chew" of tobacco on the lady's already wet and soiled dress. I bought the tickets, orchestra chairs, and went in. "A beggarly account of empty boxes" greeted us, and the few who were there like ourselves were damp, disagreeable and miserable. The play—Heaven preserve us !—was one of those which, strange to say, on usual occasions and fine weather fill the house. A mixture of gross buffoonery, badly sung songs, and old variety shop jokes, without coherence, plot, or anything to recommend it. When the play (?) was over, we found that the only cabs remaining outside were engaged, so Miss Jessemine Brigetima Burke and her swain and escort, Mr. Manderville Morgan Murphy, had to tramp home through the wet.

"I hope you've passed a pleasant evening, Miss Burke," I said, at the door.

"I never want to see you again !" was all she said, as she banged to the door. And that was the last time that Miss Burke and I went to the play together. B.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A BARBER'S MIRROR.

I hear my boss saying that I have been hanging here fifteen years. Dear me, is that possible ? He says he's going to take me down and put a new mirror in my place. That settles it ! My boss always was a temperate man, he never believed in a glass too much. Well, the new mirror will never see the sights I have seen, that's one consolation. I know I am getting a little worn. Who would not, when they have had so many eyes staring at them, some of them so piercing as almost to bore a hole through me ? I abhor all such. I am old and worn, I know, but if the currency of the Dominion should fail I shall still have a little silver to back me. Ha ! ha ! That is a silvery laugh. Yes, I have had heaps of fun in my time, many's the "scrape" I have seen. Hew ! As I am about to be turned adrift I suppose I must look out for something substantial to keep me in my old age. Happy thought ! I will turn informer ! There is money in it. What I have heard in this shop, if revealed to the proper authorities (Sir John would like to hear some of the things said about him) ought, at least, to bring me in \$20,000 and a knighthood. I hear they give these now-a-days for less valuable services than I could render them. Were they to give me a title I should cast a lustre upon it. Miserable thought ! If I cannot be knighted I can remain a mirror benighted ! Ho ! ho ! That is a gloomy smile. I have sharp ears, although the public cannot see them, and I make good use of them, too, when the customers come to me to adjust their cravats and straighten out their wrinkles. I have heard some peculiar remarks. The preachers are the most fastidious (hem ! nearly cracked getting that big word out), they want their white ties to lie so neat and nice, and when the white ties won't do this, the preachers say—but I will not disgrace the cloth by making it cut a sorry figure, I would rather my boss do the cutting. This, however, is not the time or place to enter into details. I am about to issue from the cheese press an edition of my memoirs, entitled "The Cutting Remarks of a Barber's Mirror," by an Old Shaver. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I can't help laughing, the idea tickles me so. I'm getting in a cheap puff ; the orders will rush in ; my work will be extensively read, and I will be crowned with glory and tissue paper. Here comes an alderman all pomposity, because he's chairman of the Ways and Means Committee ; he would make an excellent pawnbroker. I must close down.

AN OLD SHAVER.

WENT TO JOIN JUMBO!



HITS AT MISSES.

The feminine fair amongst GRIP readers need take no alarm at the above caption, for should the cap not fit in anything which follows they make the cap shun and thus end their fears.

Without diminishing one iota from the love, iota say, gallantry, extended to the ladies, especially the pretty misses, which always characterizes GRIP contributors, the malefactor here employed, to be truthful, feels bound to state that some of the fair misses have their little "peculiarities," and at such he feels it his duty to strike—the peculiarities, not the ladies—so that the guilty ones may have an opportunity given them to amend their ways before splicing the main brace (this expression applied to the ladies may, perhaps, be thought somewhat naughty-cal) with the desirable young man of their individual acquaintance. Should the writer's shooting at Miss Folly as she flies be thought ungallant may his hits prove misses, that's all.

For the sake of analytical study on a small scale, misses, with their "peculiarities," may be divided into the following classes: The Mincing Miss; the Scholastic Miss; Mamma's Miss; the Prude; the Flirt; and the Ancient Miss.

The Mincing Miss represents that class of young ladies who always walk on their toes, and who, consequently, are "well heeled"; who take short steps, and practise saying "thoft thoap, thoft thoap," thirty times a day, just to contract a small mouth and talk aesthetically. The making of mince pies, as the name might imply, is not her forte; her forte is at the piano, yet notwithstanding, the Mincing Miss is well able to keep her end up at eating the mince pies when they are ready for consumption.

The Scholastic Miss may be known by her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Some persons make the mistake that the eyeglasses indicate shortsightedness. This is not so in the case of the Scholastic Miss. She wears them merely to impart a learned look to her features, for she knows quite well that the general public never credit young ladies who do not wear eyeglasses with having gone further than the three R's of the educational world. The average young man of single blessedness would rather face an angry bull than enter into conversation with this miss, her grammatical accuracy, beaming eyes and gold-rimmed glasses being too much for him.

Mamma's Miss is the spoiled young lady of our group. She is ever by the side of ma, at home or on the street, and duly acquires the art of spending money with a dexterity which at times almost takes ma's breath away. She sometimes keeps so close to ma that she loses an eligible husband thereby. Should mamma have a nervous headache, Mamma's Miss suffers from it within two minutes afterwards. If mamma be one of those interesting ladies who carry a miniature school for scandal around with them, the chances are that Mamma's Miss will go and do likewise, and thus grow up with a distorted knowledge of human nature, which will make her suspect and almost detest everyone, especially that "horrid creature—man," and she ultimately takes her place in the ranks of the old maids.

The Prude is the iceberg of the social world. Whenever she mixes with a party of pleasure seekers she casts upon all a chill of discomfort. There is a frown upon her brow, a coldness in her eye, and a poker along her backbone. The Prude is in her element when she has detected one of her sex enjoying the pleasures of occupation with some nice young man. She lectures that wicked young lady with her lips whilst her heart yearns for just one herself. "Observe the proprieties" is the Prude's watchword, and she uses it until she sees a chance to snap a rich husband, then away it is flung and she revels in love and kisses.

The Flirt. This miss has no heart, if we accept the statements of large numbers of tender-hearted and tender-headed lovers who have had their deepest affections laughed at by this giddy miss. If the Flirt has a heart at all it is certain she has little brains. A pretty face, a winning smile, and a chattering tongue are all she needs; brains are not called for, she has often as many as her admirers. The world over, the Flirt has steered more courtships than any other miss, and she has undoubtedly wrecked more upon the rocks of frivolity. Query.—What is the fate of the Flirt? Answer.—Having trifled with the affections of many a worthy young man she becomes enamored with one more heartless than herself. They marry. Result.—Years of misery; separation; divorce.

We now approach the tenderest and most thoughtful portion of our subject, the Ancient Miss, or, if you prefer it, the old maid. Now, there is nothing very sinful in being an old maid, (give me an old maid before a mother-in-law,) yet she is usually looked upon as a great curiosity. Young ladies pray that they may never be as she, bachelors count up her imperfections and pity her solitary life, then hasten to look upon some sweeter face to chase away the recollection of the old maid. The only exceptions to the rule are those dear old maids who possess large fortunes; they receive more kissing and hugging than most pretty girls.

Many other classes of misses might be shot at, but our ammunition having run out, we cannot strike for anything but home, therefore we will run in and resume the firing when there is no danger of us being fired out.

TITUS A. DRUM.



AN ADEQUATE REASON.

Interested Resident.—Mr. Smith, can you tell me why you don't run the Winchester Street cars along to the corner of Queen and Yonge instead of down Church.

The Hon. Frank.—My dear madam, I can. Don't you see that the Parliament and Sherbourne Street cars already go via Church to the Station? Now, of course, we run the Winchester Street cars over the same route. To go along Queen to Yonge would accommodate too many residents of the northeast section, and choke up our boxes with small coin. In fact it would pay too well, and our last object as a company is to make money.

Believers in the faith cure are generally of that class who are prejudiced against paying doctors' bills.—Sam: The Scaramouch.



"THAT HORRID GAWK."

TRIOLET.

A country beauty come to town  
Has turned the heads of *jeunesse doree*,  
At her the city belles all frown;  
A country beauty come to town;  
Her lips are red, her cheeks are brown,  
She shines not with art's borrowed glory;  
A country beauty come to town  
Has turned the heads of *jeunesse doree*.

—J. F.

SCULLY THE SCOUT.

A PLAIN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IP-PE-KACK THE MEDICINE MAN," "PHIPPS THE WOODMAN" AND OTHER TALES.

He wore a large-brimmed, drab felt hat, encircled by a leather band. His boots were of the trooper order of architecture, and his hair was cut very long indeed. His complexion had that peculiar "Indian tan" so suggestive of the distant prairie. It was quite plain that he was a child of the plains though he possessed not that appearance of mixed simplicity and ferocity so often seen in the transplanted prairie flower. Moodily he turned into a convenient "boozin' ken," strode up to the bar and mildly said, "Hyar, bar-keep, gimme some whiskey."

On his approach all the veteran bums, who of course dropped on him as a "man from the Nor'-West," arose as one man and gazed admiringly at the stranger, laying the flattering unction to their souls that he was going to "set 'em up," but he didn't. Gazing around indifferently at the expectant "setters," he quaffed a good-sized glass of Gooderham's worst, sauntered to a chair and sat down.

"Are you from the Nor'-West, sir?" asked the bummer, smilingly.

"What?"

"I was merely asking, sir, if you was from the Nor'-West, sir," repeated the man of thirst.

"See hyar, you," the stranger calmly said, "if any one asks you tell him you don't know."

"I didn't mean—"

"Shut up!" was all the stranger condescended to say, when another drab-hatted, trooper-booted individual entered the door. He paused, stared at stranger No. 1, and roared out, "Why, Scully!"

"Well, I'll be chawed up!" continued No. 2. "Just to think of seeing you here! Let's have suthin'. Well, well, the last time I see you was at Br—"

"Oh, cheese that, Jake!" interrupted No. 1. "I got a long yarn to tell you. Let's get a drink, and I'll tell you all about it. I don't mind those snoozers hearin' it," which remark was made in accents of scornful contempt to the disappointed swipists, who one by one skipped out.

"Well, how've you bin gittin' on, old man? You look ruther down. Tell us all about it. I got the nickels, and I'll see you through if anything's wrong," said Jake.

"Well," said Scully, "when I saw you last I was in the Mounted Police, and I had a good chum (he's now in Montana, I reckon). Well, ye see, me and my chum, Jack Symons, bein'

pretty stout boys and good riders, uster be sent out together a-scoutin' for the whiskey-dealers who uster run in the stuff—and mighty bad stuff too, it was—from the States. Well, Jake—of course you won't give the thing away—me and my chum Jack uster stand in with the budge-peddlers and make them share and sharo alike. We used to gobble one-half the licker. Of this we used to bring in half to camp, with a cock and a bull story about the peddlers cuttin' their traces and skedaddling at our approach. The rest we uster cache—bury, you know, in the ground—and take the bearings of it and mark the spot. Well, to make a long story short, the officers began to think suthin' was wrong 'cause we never brought in any prisoners, so both Jack and I got discharged just about the time the breed Rebellion broke out, and I joined the scouts. Excuse me, Jake, but I'll have to take another swaller when I think of it. Hers goes! Wall, one night I was out on the alert, lookin' for breeds and hostiles—it was mighty cold, I tell you, up near the Saskatchewan—when who should come along but a young Injun gal, cryin' as if her heart would break. She told me in her broken lingo that both her father and brother were lying wounded in a clump of underbrush near by which she showed me, and begged me to come and see them to see if I could do them any good. Anything for a change, thinks I, so I follered the gal and dismounted at the edge of the bush and walked about fifty yards inside, when about half-a-dozen fellers dressed like Injuns with shotguns surrounded me. 'Hold up your hands!' said one feller. 'We've got the drop on you.' So up went my hands, and the fellers collared my Winchester and then collared me. They bucked and gagged me and stuck me agin a tree. Said if I'd move an luch they'd send me up to glory. Bime-by up they came with hosses, mine amongst 'em. They tied me onto an old plug with a back like a cross-cut saw. The boss of the gang mounted mine, and away we started at a gallop across the prairie, the fellers all chucklin' and laffin', and I thought the gal would tumble off her hoss she enjoyed the fun so. Next night we reached a old cabin, and we all went in. The fellers then took off their disguises, and who d'ye s'pose they were? Why, a picked party of the whiskey peddlers that I'd dealt with. Ye see, these fellers soon tumbled to my little game, and they uster send this same gal to see where I cached the licker, but as most of the country was strange they found it hard to drop on the right places. So they kept their eyes on me—see? Next morning I was roused out with, 'Git up, you ordinary red-coat, brass-mounted son of a fly cop! and git on that hoss, and don't you open your mouth or off goes your head.' Wall, the cusses, they kept me on the keen jump for about a week till I showed 'em where every blamed cache was, and after that they dressed me up in an old blanket coat and red leggin's like an old Injun and kept me half-starved for about another week, and then rode off laffin' and left me. I met one of 'em in a hotel in Winnipeg as I came down. He grinned and asked me to have a drink. Durn him! he knew I dassent squeal. Wall, Jack, I don't think I'll try any such handicap game with whiskey dealers agin."

"No, Scully," said his friend Jake, coolly, "I don't think you will. I'm on the Force now, and I've got a warrant to bring you back to Winnipeg. Come along." And, clapping the darbies on the wretched scout's wrists, the two children of the plains stepped down and out. And the "bar-keep" in his agitation took a drink of plain soda and fainted.

B.

Some say shoel is a magnificent dry goods store with women who have no money.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

GROWLER GOSSIP.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mr. Anger is a Niagara Falls school teacher. Mr. Acres follows school teaching in Paris. Mr. Thickens is superintendent of a Lanark woollen mill.

The maiden sisters of the late caricaturist, Leech, are pensioned, but by the Queen personally.

Samuel Smoko is a Brant County farmer who has relatives that insist on spolling the family patronymic "Smuck."

Independence is a Missour town. The Toronto *News* ought to have a flourishing agency there.

Mr. J. C. H. Herron is the clerk of Middleton township. It was right to make Mr. Herron an offshal.

Mr. Wm. S. Law is town clerk of Tilsonburg. A man of law ought naturally to have something of the council about him.

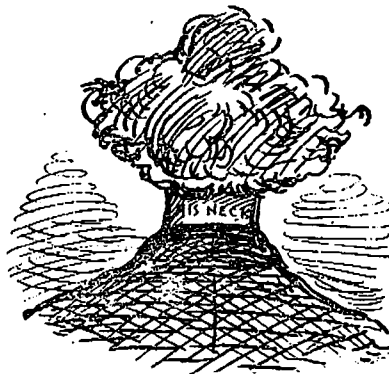
The name of Hamilton Smellie, of Wingham, need not necessarily suggest to the reader the Smell he will get in Hamilton; because the gentleman is not known to rank— But, never mind.

Mr. Daniel is a Brantford newspaper man. When he gets off a good article the people say it is a case of a Daniel come to judgment.

Farmer Hewson, of Simcoe County, has made a lawyer of his first-born. It is now a case of Sueson, or maybe Screwson, or possibly Jewson.

"Bean Stalk" is the correspondent of the Brantford *Telegram*. This probably accounts for the tall stories this desperately reckless paper gets off. This person, Bean Stalk, ought to confine his contributions to some giant-stook journal.

Mr. Allchin is an agriculturist up near Galt. He has mistaken his avocation. It is a barber he should be.



THE POINT UPON WHICH ALL EYES ARE FIXED.

An exchange says that "John L. Sullivan is going to the dogs." This is rough on the dogs.—*The Rambler.*

Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Oh, where are the girls of the past?" asked a poet in the *Chicago Rambler*. If he means for us to answer the conundrum, we should say they are getting ready to be the grand-mothers of the future.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Miss Lydia Thompson proposes to sue all the papers that have made remarks about her ago. For our part, we have not even attempted to conceal to fact that Miss Lydia will be 19 in June.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

URIC ACID.—When the liver and kidneys fail in their action, this acid in excess is thrown into the blood, causing rheumatism and other painful conditions of blood poisoning. You may cure this condition by a prompt resort to the purifying, regulating remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Good gracious, Dusenberry! I didn't know until to-day that you had been married three times." "Yes, Bromley, I have taken all the degrees. The first wife knocked all the romance out of me, the second taught me humility—" "And your present wife?" "Made a philosopher out of me. I can bear other people's troubles with a great deal of self-complacency."—*Phila. Press.*

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of War. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"I hear that Jim Brown who keeps a saloon has joined the church?

"Yes, he has become thoroughly converted." "Then you believe his conversion is genuine, Parson?"

"I know it is. Since he has become a new man he does not sell beer on Sundays to anybody except his spiritual adviser and members of the vestry."—*Siftings.*

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

LIBERALS AND THE BREWING TRADE.

(Two East-end worthies meet.)

Wullie.—Man, Jeems, have you seen our grand new Liberal Association Rooms?

Jeems.—No. Where are they?

Wullie.—No. 5 Duncan Street. Jist above Scott's Brewery.

Jeems.—Man, man! You Leebraals are aye sittin' on the brewin' trade. Can you no let them alane?—*Glasgow Bailie.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

A colored man, who was hunting a house to move into, was asked if he had paid his rent to his former landlord. "Yes, sah," he said, rather hesitatingly. "Can't you get a recommendation?" "Oh, yes, sah; I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation." "How do you know you can?" "Oh, I know I can, 'cause he wants me to get out."—*Evansville Argus.*

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**SOMETHING NEW.**—Fragrant Philoderma. For chapped face or lips it has no equal. Not sticky or greasy. Ask your druggist. Price, 25c.

What pleases me is explicitness in everything. I never want to be left in doubt when it is just as easy to have myself positively assured. Now there is an editor in Ayr who suits me exactly in this regard. I have just come across one of his back numbers in which he informs an anxious public about "a double-scutt match for a stake of \$1,000, between Hanlan and Lee in one boat and Ross and Hamm in the other." This is full and complete. Your imagination, you see, doesn't have to run riot in the endeavor to infer that in this particular double-scutt race two of the oarsmen were in one boat and two in the other. Hang folks who never tell you a story straight! Confound people who slump about what they've got to say!

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There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PARLEY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

**LEAR'S**

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

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